



T H E
Bonny B R O O M.

HOW blythe was I each morn to see
My swain come over the hill,
He leap'd the brook and flew to me,
I met him with good-will :
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay,
He gathered in my sheep at night;
And chear'd me all the day.

O the Broom, the bonny honny Broom
Where oft was my repose ;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds sat listening by,
The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Could I but faithful be ?
He stole my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
That ever yet was born.

O the Broom. &c.

The A N S W E R.

WHAT woeful signs are those I hear ?
My Love's in discontent ;
Am I the cause of all thy care ?
Why dost thou thus lament ?
Suppose I for a while did go,
And left you here alone.

'Twas but to try your constancy,
Whether you was my own.

O the Heath, the bonny Heath,
On which the Broom doth spring ;
Where the Lark and the Thrush in ev'ry
Bush,

All around are heard to sing.
For by the grief and moan you make,
Convinc'd I am you're true,
Then now you to my arms I'll take,
For none I love but you :
Your constancy by this I've try'd,
Your love I find sincere ;
No more I'll wander from the side
Of thee I love so dear.

O the Heath, &c.

I'll tune my pipe as usually,
Your grief now lay aside;
To-morrow I'll to church with thee,
There make thee my lawful bride :
And ever after I will prove
Your true and constant swain,
Ne'er more will I from you rove,
Whilst life in me remains.

O the Heath, &c.

